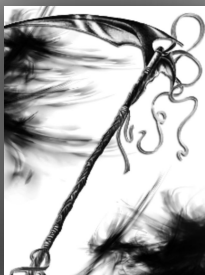




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Cause of Death: A Dan and Phil Fan fiction (AU)



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Chapter 1 by phil-no-ouendan

CHAPTER I

PHIL

I begin to scan the West End area from above, floating whilst seated on my scythe and wearing a black cloak to fight off the chill breeze of the wind. Today is supposed to be the day where the first winter snow this year will fall at Victorian England yet all that can be seen when you look up was gray-colored clouds looming around the azure sky.

The children who waited for snow are gravely disappointed and strangely, so I am.

I don't even know if I like snow for I didn't have any memories of my life when I'm still alive. I died a long time ago when I was sleeping and apparently, people who died in their sleep became a Grim Reaper.

One day, I woke up on this white cushioned room wearing a formal suit with a black necktie; not having a single idea how I got in the room until a black cat accompanied and talked to me

through my thoughts explaining everything I asked in a soothing manner

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As soon as I walked out the door, the weather suddenly changed while I held a jet-black scythe with a silver blade. In an instant, I realized that it's my life from now on.

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A being with no past memories, detached from the living, and an inescapable duty accompanied with immortality.

At first, I thought I'll get a hang of it, that my emotions will start to numb as I do my duty as a Grim Reaper again and again but it didn't. If anything, my whole existence became a container of emotions. Solitude, sadness, despair and regret are the usual feelings that my targets have when they're about to die.

Did I feel the same way when I'm dying in my sleep? I wonder. It's frustrating not to know. I'm quite jealous of people who died in a different way, at least they have options.

I had enough. I don't want to do my duties diligently as a Reaper anymore. It only made me feel helpless about my situation. Starting today, I'll do whatever I want. I had decided.

I'm not letting my current target die as they please.

No one has done it before or rather, no one *dared*. Grim Reapers are part of the broad system of afterlife. Defying will lead on an unimaginable punishment. Despite the fact that majority of us Grim Reapers didn't know what it is about, it's enough to instill fear and obedience to us. Unfortunately, the 'unimaginable' only made me curious.

Curiosity killed the cat but if you're technically dead, what's there to be afraid of?

I finally opened the envelope containing the detailed file for my 'last job.' I'm only watching a single human this time around for my supervisor told me that my target's soul is surrounded by a thick miasma which requires a precise collection work.

The thing that I'd done first is to wear my glasses then carefully, pulled the papers out of the envelope. A picture of a young man with eyes that has the same color as chocolate with lushly curly hair is clipped through the files. I removed the photo and placed it at my suit pocket, beginning to read the file's content.

Names: Daniel James Howell

Born: June 11, 1926 at Berkshire

Age: 18

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Daniel is a son of a Marquis and heir of their household. He has a younger brother whom he's very fond and protective with. He's also an aspiring theater actor but his parents are against it. Eventually, the discouragement led Daniel to run away from his home. He currently lives on a basement of a public library at Central London where he works part-time as an assistant librarian. Daniel often audition for acting roles but he never landed a role.

Estimated time before death: 7 days.

"Seven days?" I muttered in disbelief. That information should be blank. I didn't have any contact with this 'Daniel' person yet. I know that this case is peculiar but having a countdown written already was pretty morbid even for an embodiment of death myself. I suddenly feel bad for this person.

Finishing to note the details about 'Daniel,' I somehow end up fixing my gaze through the blank data on the file.

Likes:

Dislikes:

Hopes and Dreams:

Regrets:

Scene of Death:

Cause of Death:

I'm going to have this filled as soon as I touch him. Why us Grim Reapers need to witness and be part of other people's death when us ourselves transcend to death unknowingly?

Unconsciously, tears fogged my vision. "I'm sorry, Daniel. Please let me test your death." I murmured as if it was like an unheard prayer. With hint of bitterness, I begin to chuckle. The idea of an impregnable being like us praying to God is such a funny concept.

I mean, if God can hear me, he won't definitely let these kind of thoughts run through my head,

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YouTube stars so if you're interested, you can watch their videos there to get a gist on what they're like.

Chapter 2 by DaAwesomeness



DAN

"Daniel James Howell!"

Clumsily, I drop the several volumes of the World Encyclopedia I had stacked in my hand as I nervously glance up, towards the stern head librarian.

"Yes, Ma'am Clarke?" he replied monotonously.

"Come here, immediately," she answered sharply.

Shoulders slumped, I crossed the room, my eyes studying the floor. If she had found out of my botch job of the loan register, or the shelving system... hell, I was in trouble.

I reached Ma'am Clarke, as she insisted upon me calling her, and looked up. Her piercing grey eyes seared into mine, little space between us. Uneasily, I shifted my weight onto my back foot, distancing her and I.

"You have a visitor," she hissed. "In the back room. You have ten minutes."

I nod, a melancholy hint to the gesture. Silently, my thoughts race. Who could it be? And, more importantly, why? I'm just an assistant librarian that lives and works in an old, musty private library.

I quicken pace, speed-walking over to a timber door on the other side of several bookshelves. I narrowly avoid tripping several times, over my own shoelaces, a bookshelf, the floor. Anything and everything solid- you name it, I could trip over it.

As I reach the back room, I find the door hanging slightly ajar. I gently push it open wider, only to find a pale, dark-cloaked man resting his head on a small, round table pushed up in the corner of the room. I gawked at him, long, black hair falling over his thin, gaunt face. He hunches over, shadowed, his head resting on the table. If he is sleeping, I awkwardly stand in the doorway, timidly shrinking back from the man.

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"Mr Howell,"

I jump out of my skin, banging my elbow on the door frame beside me, I curse, and grab at my elbow.

The man does not smile, or laugh. He remains emotionless, staring straight towards me.

"Uh... yeh?" I mutter shyly.

"You and I have a lot to talk about." he murmurs.

"I'm sorry, but... who exactly are you?" I query, shivering from the cold aroma the man produces.

"I am Phil Lester."

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